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Lillie Pozer 8.28.98

A Chinese Court of Justice.

In their legal affairs, as in other matters, the Chinese are peculiar. Under the patriarchal ideas which lie at the basis of the Chinese system of government, much larger powers are given to the judge of the court than is common with us. His power is in fact almost despotic, and limited only by the customary practices of Chinese courts. He can show great mercy or he can exercise great severity; he can dispense justice or he can take bribes from the most wealthy party, and give the most unjust decisions without being called in question, unless his conduct should be too flagrant or his contributions to the support of the higher authorities too limited. The cut which we give of a Chinese court of justice is representative. The judge is the only one who is seated. Behind him and on either side, stand the officers of the court. The two kneeling figures are the criminal and the accuser; both alike show the greatest humility in the presence of the judge, and in cases where specially favorable consideration is desired, they prostrate themselves upon the floor. Witnesses give their testimony in the same position.

The proceedings of a Chinese court are usually in the form of personal interrogatories by the Judge. In framing these the Chinese show great ingenuity. In important cases it is customary to have a long string of questions all written out. These are asked the culprit and his questions are all taken down by the secretaries. He is then remanded to prison for a month or more, and another set of interrogatories is framed, ingeniously bearing upon the questions and answers at the previous session of the court. Again the questions are asked; again the prisoner is remanded to jail, and sometimes a third series of questions is framed and asked. It is only the most adroit minds and most retentive memories which can pass a series of three sets of questions, purposely framed to interlace and interlock with each other, with clearness and success. This method is undoubtedly ingeniously contrived to elicit the truth, and to enable the judge to give a just judgment. It is also well calculated to wear out the spirits and patience of the contesting parties, and to bring a pressure upon them to offer bribes to the judge for a speedy termination of the suit. With all the resources of family connections and personal supervision, which are customary in Chinese social matters, the Chinese judges undoubtedly have excellent means of administering affairs with justice and equity, if they are so inclined, but the lack of rigid responsibility allows the great corruption, which, according to all accounts, is far too common in the courts of justice in China.—'Baptist Missions Magazine.'

A CHINESE COURT OF JUSTICE.

If thou wouldst conquer thy weakness, thou must never gratify it. No man is compelled to do evil; his consent only makes it his. It is no sin to be tempted, but to be overcome.—'Temperance Truths.'

Tom-All-Alones.

Lady Henry Somerset and a Quaker companion from England called one night at a police station in New York, and asked if they could inspect the lodging rooms.

An officer led them to two underground rooms.

There they saw rows of pine boards littered with bundles of rags. The boards were beds; the bundles were degraded human beings who had asked for a night's shelter, and would return to the streets in the morning. The walls were black with grime. The air was foul. The ladies turned away with a shudder.

'Can any one out of work sleep there for one night and ever regain self-respect?'

The officer replied, 'Yes, it is possible.' Then he told them the story of a New York 'Tom-all-Alones.'

It was a bleak corner of the water-front. Poor Jo liked it because it was a quiet place, where he could look at the water and dream of his English home.

One stormy night in 1870, when he had been in America six months, he was on the verge of drowning himself there.

He had been out of work for a fortnight. That was his home. He had spent his last penny and was hungry. His only companion was a small wharf-dog whom from sheer loneliness he had befriended. The rain was falling. He was cold and wretched. Life seemed more than he could bear.

Around his neck there was a ribbon with

a little gold locket. It had been his mother's. He kissed it, and resolved to make one more effort to live. Then he went to the police station and begged a night's lodging. With the dog beside him he slept on one of those pine boards which the ladies had seen. When he awoke in the morning the locket was missing. A fellow tramp had robbed him.

Poor Jo complained at the desk of the loss of his only treasure. The sergeant ordered him to be kicked out of the station house. The boy's only friend, the wharf-dog, barked furiously. An officer struck the cur with his club and killed it on the station steps.

That was Jo's only night as a station lodger. In the day that followed he found work and earned an honest living. Was he still alive? Yes, and a police officer with a good record. Perhaps he was too soft-hearted an officer. He never spoke angrily to street boys. Nothing could induce him to strike a dog.

One detail the officer did not mention. He had told his own story. But the visitors easily guessed it. What they said was this:—

'So true is it that there is no level of degradation so low that a brave heart cannot rise above it, if it will only take courage.'
—'Youth's Companion.'

The First Convert in Peking.

(By the Rev. Wm. S. Ament, of Peking.)

In the old book, now faded and discolored, containing the records of the South Church, Peking, there is this first entry: 'Jung Lin, Embroidered Yellow Bannerman, age 40 years, baptized second year of the Emperor Tung Chih, second moon, fourth day.' That would be in our calendar, March 6, 1865, and is worthy of more than a passing notice.

There are not many Christians of thirty years' standing in North China. Of the next twenty-six names baptized after Helper Jung, during five years and a half, but one man can now be found in active membership. Of those received during the next five years, to 1875, only three names can now be found. Thus Helper Jung practically remained the only survivor of the first generation of Christians in Peking.

In a room now used as a study Dr. Blodget preached his first sermons in Peking. By cutting a door through a rear wall this room was brought into connection with 'Broad Peace Lane,' just in the rear of the mission premises. Here the Rev. W. C. Burns was of great assistance in the work of preaching. The fervid words and earnest manner of these consecrated gospel preachers won the attention of Jung Lin, who was at that time a peddler of needles and thread. Though Jung was a man of some rank among the Manchus, like most of them, his family had fallen into poverty and neglect. Unlike other Manchus, however, he did not consent to loaf about and barely exist on his small stipend from the government, but resolutely set to work to increase his income by selling foreign needles and thread. While engaged in this business he passed by the door of the little preaching room, and went in along with others, to hear the new doctrines. Mr. Burns may have come a little nearer to him, owing to his wearing Chinese clothes; at any rate, Jung ranged himself on the side of Christ, and never took a backward step.

His did not seem to be a halfway conversion. Very severe and continued persecution broke out against him. He was falsely accused to his superiors of following 'foreign levils,' and his monthly allowance was refused. Dr. Blodget succeeded in having the money restored, and so well contested the point that to the present day, I think, no Manchu Christian has been hampered in that way. After he seemed established in his Christian experience, Mr. Jung, being a man of some education, was asked to assist in the regular work of preaching. This he consented to do, only desiring to receive as compensation the sum he received in his small trade. Thus his pay for twenty-five years has averaged about $4, gold, per month. Soon after a chapel was opened on the great street in front of the mission premises, and there Jung was installed as the daily preacher. Here he officiated daily except that Sundays were reserved for his personal affairs, for a quarter of a century, seldom missing a day, and usually preaching from two to three hours. He spoke pure idiomatic Chinese, and the people were pleased to listen. He was never fervid in manner nor deep in matter, but he could present the simple, elementary truths of the gospel in an interesting way.

PREACHER JUNG LIN.

It would be difficult to estimate how many times he has preached on the great names and events of the bible, from Genesis to Revelation. He yielded the floor to no one, and could not listen contentedly to any one else in the front chapel. He could easily hold a full house for several hours, and soon became the best-known preacher in Peking, and continued so to the end. Street chapel work was his specialty, as he was not acceptable in his Sabbath ministrations, being confined in manner and method to preaching to outside people. He, without doubt, preached to more people than any other man who ever lived in Peking. Up to 1893 he had been a drinker of Chinese samshu, sometimes so as to be muddled thereby; but in the spring of that year, during a series of revival meetings, he was led to break off this habit, and was never known to touch it after that.

Helper Jung was no flatterer of foreigners. To his dying day he would not touch foreign medicine, and had little admiration for foreign inventions and devices. Christianity never opened his mind to the value of railways or steamships. He would not wear as comfortable clothes as he might have done, for fear people would accuse him of enriching himself with foreign money. One foreign custom he allowed himself to adopt, and that was hand-shaking. He had an irascible temper, as his picture would seem to indicate. Though he did not have the ability to see things from another's point of view, no one was more ready than he to confess an error when convinced that he was in the wrong. He did not draw friends to him, and he had a sense of loneliness, especially towards the last. But his faith in the gospel was never shaken, and he was faithful in his duties so long as he could walk. His two hours were reduced to twenty minutes, yet still he persisted in his testimony. I well recall his leading a prayer-meeting with the text, I. Cor., iv., 2, 'Moreover, it is required in stewards, that a man be found faithful.' That is the keynote of his Christian life. He was faithful to his trust. If his preaching did not result in drawing many into the church, it at least kept bad people out.

He had made all preparations for his last days, so that he would be a burden to no one. His coffin was bought years ago. It was an unusually good one. Burial expenses were deposited in an undertaker's hands long ago, and the ticket kept where his friends could easily find it. Nothing was forgotten. In July of 1895 he was seized with dysentery and knew that the end was approaching. He did not care for any one to pray with him, as he had done his own praying long before, and he had heard the word of forgiveness. He had nothing to leave behind at the last moment but his bible and a pair of thick winter shoes. These he bequeathed to Li Pen Yuan, a young student from Tung-cho, who was to be Jung's successor. He was kind to the old man, and Jung loved him as a son. The young man preserves the book as a treasure, and we trust he will carry on the apostolic succession.

One could wish that the best known Christian in Peking had been a man of broad pattern, broad and generous in his sympathies, capable of leading and building up the church; but perhaps the Father of all saw more moral heroism, more courage and character in his victories than if he had been more richly endowed by nature.—'Missionary Herald.'

Canned Bibles.

Where do all the old tin cans go to? an exchange asks. The newspaper jokers would have us believe that the goats eat the greater part of them, and the rest are used to decorate the tails of homeless cats and dogs. In reality a good many of them go to Germany and France, to be rolled flat and cut up into a great variety of toys and Christmas-tree ornaments. In the far East the poor people find many odd uses for the empty tins, from drinking cups to shingles.

A certain sized cracker can, known in England as a 'two-pound biscuit tin,' is especially prized by the natives of tropical Africa, where 'moths and rust,' or rather, ants and mildew, corrupt things very rapidly. The people of Uganda use these tins to preserve the books given to them by missionaries from the attack of insects. In this manner many a bible has been carried about in safety. Taking note of this, the British and Foreign Bible Society has made its latest version in the Luganda language of a shape to fit a biscuit tin, and has issued two other books, a prayer-book and a volume of 'Helps to the Study of the Bible.' in the same manner. No less than a thousand copies of the new Luganda bible have been printed, and will be in the hands of the natives early in the year.—'Wellspring.'

Why turn each cool gray shadow
Into a world of fears?
Why say the winds are wailing?
Why call the dewdrops tears?
—Adelaide A. Procter.

BOYS AND GIRLS

A Modern Jack the Giant-Killer.

A boy was sitting by a cottage fire, gazing intently into it. His name was Jack Symonds. On his knee lay a book of fairy tales. He had been reading 'Jack the Giant-Killer,' and was stirred by it, as what boy is not, and girl too, for the matter of that.

'Oh, mother,' he said, 'I wish I could fight a giant as Jack did. But of course it's only a story and never happened.'

'Ah! my son,' said Mrs. Symonds, 'there have been giants, and they have been fought and conquered, thank God; but they are not all dead yet. I fear there is a very great and powerful giant living in our village.'

Jack was puzzled. What did his mother mean?

'He has several castles; one rears its head proudly in our village street. I fear much that Mark Somers will soon be in the giant's clutches.'

'Oh! mother,' said Jack, with some disappointment, 'you mean the giant drink, and his castle, I suppose is the public-house.'

'Just so, my son.'

Jack was silent, he was thinking. His mother said no more, but went about her work.

'I don't see what to do,' said Jack, after some time.

'Be brave, and keep your eyes open; you will soon find a chance of fighting him.'

Jack was lost in thought. He went over the story of Jack the Giant-Killer, and pictured it all in the burning coals—the castles, the giants, and their poor victims.

Just then a low knock was heard at the door. Jack opened it. A woman stood there, pale and trembling.

'Come in,' said Mrs. Symonds in her cheery way, 'Why, what's the matter?'

The poor woman, whose name was Mrs. Somers, dropped on a chair and burst into tears.

'Oh! dear,' she cried, 'what shall I do? My Mark is taking to bad ways and going to the public-house, and now he has come home drunk.'

'Poor thing, I am sorry for you,' she said at length; 'perhaps he will mend, he is young yet.'

'Difficult to get out of the giant's clutches,' Jack said to himself.

'What can be done?' said Mrs. Symonds.

Jack wondered. Suddenly a thought struck him. He would see if he could not fight this giant. True, it seemed almost a hopeless task, but so was that of Jack the Giant-Killer. He was still thinking about it when Mrs. Somers continued, sobbing, 'I wish my Mark was more like your boy; he was nice enough before he took to these bad ways.'

'Yes,' said Jack, 'he is real jolly. I used to like playing with him.' He stopped. An idea came into his head. 'He's fond of reading, ain't he?'

'Yes, very,' said Mrs. Somers.

'I've a nice book here, all about giants and adventures. Perhaps Mark would like to see it.'

'I'm most sure he would, if you could spare it. I'd be glad of anything to keep him at home a bit.'

'Oh, yes, he can have it,' said Jack, and handed her the book.

THIS IS THE WAY JACK SYMONDS BECAME JACK THE GIANT-KILLER.

Jack was very quiet after she had gone for the rest of the evening. When he said good-bye to his mother there was a new light in his eyes.

A week passed. Jack thought much of his new resolve. He saw his mother's words were true; drink was indeed a giant, terrible and great, How to fight him was the point, for Jack was determined that fight him he would. One day he met Mark.

'Hallo! Thanks for your book; I think it's prime fun. Ain't that Jack a plucky fellow though, to fight the giants as he did? I've most finished. Are you in a hurry for it?'

'Oh, no,' said Jack, 'keep it as long as you like.'

A few evenings after Mark appeared at Mrs. Symonds's with the book in his hand. He was kindly welcomed. How bright everything looked! Different from their home, he thought.

Mrs. Symonds bade him be seated, adding that Jack was out, but he would soon be back. Presently he came in. Together they looked at the book, and talked over the various heroes and their marvellous adventures. When they had finished, they were surprised to see how late it was. Mrs. Symonds had begun to lay the supper.

Mark said he must go.

'Oh, you must stay to supper, with Jack,' she said; 'it isn't often he has a friend in.'

Mark hesitated. It certainly looked inviting—hot roast potatoes and sausages did not come in one's way every day, so when Jack added his entreaties, he agreed to remain. They had a merry time, to be sure. After supper they had games, and ten o'clock came round all too soon. When Mark went home, his mother looked up as he entered, and was glad to see by his face that he was all right.

'I have been to Jack Symonds's, mother, and have had supper, so good-night,' and Mark went whistling to bed.

'Well,' said Mrs. Somers to herself, 'I be fine and glad; it was good of 'em.'

The next day Jack called to ask him if he would come in again that evening. Mark was in a dilemma, for he had promised to meet some of his old companions outside the 'Blue Boar,' down the street.

'Well, I don't mind if I do come in for a spell, it was rare fun. Tell Jim Sykes, mother, if he comes, that I'll meet him later on.'

So they went off together. Jack exerted all his powers that evening; the spelling game lasted a long time. Then they had another, and Mrs. Symonds joined in. When Mark looked up at the clock it was long after nine—too late to go anywhere; besides a tempting roast apple lay just beside him.

Every evening now found Mark at the Symonds's. The boys began to chaff him, and say, 'they wouldn't go to be lectured by Mrs. Symonds, not they.'

'Why, she doesn't lecture,' said Mark. 'We play games and have awful fun.'

'I wish I could go, too,' said a lean, hungry-looking boy, who had a miserable home, His father and mother were victims of the giant.

A thought struck Mark, 'Mrs. Symonds,' he said that night, 'I'm going to ask you something; please don't think me rude! There's Jim Sykes. You know what dreadful folks his people be. He would so like to come here. I've told him what nice times we have.'

'I should be pleased to see him,' said Mrs. Symonds. 'Bring him by all means.'

Mark ran off and returned with Jim. He was shy at first, but soon began to feel at home. After that he came often with Mark.

'Well,' Mrs. Symonds said one evening, 'I really think we had better form ourselves into a little club; the only condition must be that we all have nothing to do with the drink.'

Then Jack explained to them about Jack the Giant-Killer, and how he wanted to be one, too.

'I see,' said Mark, 'I'll join you.

'And I,' chimed in Jim.

'God bless you all, my children,' said Jack's mother. 'I think the giant's castle will soon fall now.'

So the Boys' Temperance Club began. It became so popular that Mrs. Symonds's front room was crowded out, and many applicants had to be refused.

A gentleman who heard of Jack and his mother's noble effort against the giant drink, came forward and offered a larger room.

The temperance cause, which had been sadly languishing, revived, and the meetings which were started were well kept up.

The little band worked on bravely, each

one striving to do something. Many of the victims of the giant were recovered.

The storming of the castle went on vigorously, and it soon began to show signs of giving way. One morning the 'Blue Boar' was left empty, and a notice 'To Let,' was up in the window. The gentleman who had given them their room bought the property, and handed it over to the Boys' Temperance Club.

Now, indeed, was Jack's dream more than realized, as he proudly entered the public-house—he was actually in the giant's castle. Every arrangement was made for a complete boys' home, and Mrs. Symonds and Jack were to live there and take charge of it.

PAUL JEWITT.

Our Sweet Peas.

Mamma had been out calling all the afternoon. The last visit was paid to a charming woman, right royally endowed with the gift of poesy, as all who possess a volume of her lyrics, or read them in the passing papers, will gladly affirm.

Just as mamma was coming away she caught a glimpse of a vista of pink, and white, and purple sweet peas, which bordered the garden walk.

'By what magic,' she exclaimed, 'do you succeed so wonderfully in the culture of sweet peas?'

'They always grow and blossom for me. I believe they know how I love them,' fondly answered the lady, whom we will call Mrs. Smith.

Then she went down the walk and picked a lovely bunch of them for mamma. So it came about that we had a pink and white bouquet on the tea-table that night, which filled the room with dainty fragrance. Now for many years we had always planted sweet peas, and yet scarcely a blossom had ever rewarded our labor.

We planted them in a different garden-spot every year, putting the seeds just so many inches below the ground surface. We 'bushed' or strung them as soon as they peeped through the earth, and watered them copiously or left them to dry.

Do any wonder at these contradictory systems? Between floral guides and horticultural acquaintances we received so much advice that we had an opportunity to experiment on the value of a great many theories, and the result had, invariably, been scarcely a blossom.

At tea, that night, we discussed again the old question, Why would not these dainty flowers spring into beauty for us? but, as usual, it was left unanswered. And Mrs. Smith's sweet peas grew paler, and finally faded away, leaving only sweet memories of the giver. Fall and winter passed, each day full of duties and pleasures, and one afternoon when spring was beginning to wake from her long lethargy, and the buds were swelling in the crocus beds, mamma looked out on the world of mud and water, and exclaimed, decidedly, 'I shall cultivate sweet peas once more.'

'Has somebody given you a new theory?' we asked, laughingly.

'No,' she answered; 'I have an idea, and I believe it will prove to be a good one.'

Finding it impossible to extract her secret, we gave up attempting to satisfy our curiosity, and trusted to the future for revelations. A few days later she came in from a walk with a generous seed package, labelled, 'Sweet Peas' in a child's round, studied chirography.

'The germ of future blossoms,' she said, passing the paper about for inspection. And then she told us that she had gone to Mrs. Smith for seed and advice, and found that lady's little daughter, Amy, putting up packages of seeds, all the proceeds of which were for her mission jug, because she 'wanted to earn the money' herself.

This time, the sweet peas were planted in a new spot—a damp rich corner of the vegetable garden—a part of the family possessions we did not visit, although mamma was frequently seen strolling in that direction.

'Have the sweet peas started?' at first, we asked; later, the query changed to 'Are they budded?'

To the latter question we received no reply but dignified silence, and concluded that, as usual, her hopes were blighted. What was our amazement one warm summer evening to find a dainty bunch of pink, and white, and purple on the tea-table.

'Amy's sweet-peas!' said mamma, triumphantly.

Figuratively speaking, the household welkin rang long with applause, which the successful cultivator gracefully acknowledged. From that day every room had its fragrant bouquet, and the neighbors received many a bunch of the lovely blossoms. A sweet-souled invalid was so fond of her portion, that as she was moved from lounge to hammock, the vase of pink and white fragrance followed, perforce. One boy who asked how he could earn money for his jug, was delighted when we told him he could have five bunches to sell.

In a most ingenious manner he converted a large paste-board box into a basket, lining it with tin-foil; and soon found regular customers in offices and store, who gladly purchased his ten-cent bouquets. At the end of the season he had eight dollars as the result of his labor.

Mamma stoutly affirms (and who will gainsay it?) that her success was due to the fact that her vines sprang from missionary seed. Cannot some other 'Amy' sell packages of flower-seed 'for the missionaries?' Perhaps even a richer blessing would follow.

—Fannie Bell Pettee, in 'Life and Light.'

The Spectacles Peddler.

'No, I don't wish for anything,' I said in reply to the question of an old man who called at my door on New Year's eve. Having been imposed on many times; having bought bottles of cement which was no better than so much water, and of furniture polish which was worse, and numerous other articles which were of no earthly use; at last I had made up my mind to have nothing to do with peddlers or agents of any kind. But a second glance convinced me that my present caller was no ordinary person. His long white beard gave him a venerable aspect. His eyes were deep-set and luminous. His expression was that of a man who had tasted life's joys and sorrows, and had extracted sweetness from both. I was so impressed by his appearance that it didn't occur to me that it was a singular time for a peddler to call; and notwithstanding the fact that I was alone in the house, John and the children having gone to a New Year's entertainment for the Sunday-school, I felt no hesitation about admitting this stranger. He fastened a searching but sympathetic gaze upon me, as I resumed my easy chair before the fire.

'You are somewhat near-sighted, madam, I perceive,' he said, at last, drawing from a small bag a pair of silver-bowed spectacles.

'You were never more mistaken,' I replied. 'My eyesight is perfectly good. I can easily read this fine-print newspaper by lamplight.'

'Nevertheless,' responded the old man in a manner so gentle and courteous it was impossible to be vexed, 'most of us have a somewhat defective vision, and consequently get only a partial and imperfect view. Now these glasses will enable you to see, not only the side nearest to you, but the other side as well. If you will kindly test them, I am sure you will find their use a great advantage. Please call to mind some event of the past year that disturbed or annoyed you. Do not select anything of too serious a nature as this is your first trial, and your eyes not being accustomed to the use of these, or indeed, as you say, of any lenses, the effect might be merely to produce a blur.'

I took the offered glasses, and the old man turned away, as if to give me opportunity to reflect, and became apparently absorbed in contemplating the fire upon the hearth.

It was not difficult to recall vexations and trials. Indeed, I had been engaged in that very common but profitable occupation when interrupted by the old man's knock. As I found myself growing hot over the thought of the meanness of my neighbor in setting his dog upon my pet cat, poor Toddles! I adjusted the spectacles to my nose. Much to my surprise I now beheld Toddles in the act of dissecting one of my neighbor's chickens. 'He was not without some shadow of an excuse, then,' I thought, as I looked upon the irascible old gentleman himself, at that moment sitting alone in his great house, looking quite feeble and forlorn. He was evidently failing in mind and body, and yet he was without wife or child to care for him in his declining years. My indignation softened into sympathy.

'Poor old man,' I murmured, 'I think I will invite him to dine with us to-morrow. He must be so lonely with only hired help in the house.'

'Excuse me, madam, did you speak to me?' inquired the spectacles peddler.

'Oh, no, only to someone I saw through the glasses,' I replied; and he again gazed at the fire in silence.

My mind reverted to the time last spring when in the midst of house-cleaning I was laid aside with a sprained ankle. It seemed a most unfortunate occurrence; but now by the aid of these far-seeing glasses, I saw what a real blessing my forced inactivity had been to me and the children. It had made of Helen, who was naturally rather indolent, quite a good little housekeeper, and had developed in Tom, who, it must be confessed, was in great danger of becoming selfish, a spirit of helpfulness toward his mother and sister. Besides I had enjoyed several delightful rides with Mrs. Holmes, who would not have thought of inviting me but for my accident.

Then there came to my mind the thought of a business opening which seemed to promise so much advantage to John, and of our great disappointment that it was lost through the unfair dealing of a supposed friend. Now through the glasses I was able to see plainly that the firm in which I so much wished to see my husband a partner, was on the verge of bankruptcy.

So I went from one subject to another, finding to each a brighter side than I had discerned before. 'The old man is right,' I thought; 'I am a little near-sighted.'

'Perhaps you are ready for stronger glasses,' he said, producing a pair of gold-bowed spectacles. 'They have more power than the others, and if your eyes are able to bear them, will enable you to see farther.'

As I adjusted the gold bows my gaze fell upon a portrait which hung over the mantel. It was a life-like picture of my precious Charley. How many times during these ten months I had lived over the last sad days of his bright young life! How many

times with breaking heart I had watched the deathly pallor spread over that noble brow, and the breath grow fainter and fainter! Ah! I must have been very near sighted; for now I could plainly see hovering over the bed a beautiful angel with radiant countenance and outstretched arms; and in the luminous vista beyond, dimly outlined, a figure of divine sweetness and majesty. When I thought of a snow-covered mound in the cemetery, I beheld my boy with beaming eyes and glowing cheeks, the very picture of health and happiness, in the midst of a company of the noble and beautiful and blessed who have crossed that mysterious line which divides this world from the next.

'Yes, I will take the glasses,' I said. 'It is so much better to look at the other side!'

As I spoke, the outer door shut with a bang. It was only John and the children returning from the New Year's entertainment.

'It is too bad we made so much noise,' said John. 'We didn't know you were asleep.'

'Was I?' I replied, looking around quite bewildered. The spectacles peddler was nowhere to be seen.'—Emily Tolman, in the 'Interior.'

The Lesson of the Foot-Tracks.

It was on a misty, wintry morning that old Jacob Sanders and I crossed the fields between Hill Top and the Gravel Pits. Snow had fallen heavily during the night, and it lay on the ground several inches deep. The fog made all objects at a distance very dim, and the blood-red sun tried in vain to burst through it with its beams. Here and there a few small birds were seen flying from one bush to another; and now and then a flock of sparrows winged their way above the elm trees. At the corner of Farmer Pierce's shed stood a mountain ash tree, and the shining red berries upon it looked very cheerful. Jacob was a thoughtful, pious old man, very fond of musing upon God's glorious creation: so he stopped a moment to admire the snow on the trees.

Just as we came up to the fence bars, we saw three persons a little before us, and soon perceived that one was Ralph Collins, Farmer Pierce's hired man; another was Betty Baxter, the wheelwright's wife, and the third, Tom Sloan, a farm hand. While we stood at the bars they went on. Ralph was dressed in his rough drab great coat, with big buttons; his hat was low in the crown and broad in the brim, and his shaggy, grizzled dog, Turk, trotted beside him. Betty Baxter had on a long, black cloak, and Tom wore a pea-jacket.

In a little time they parted, and all went different ways. But though the three were out of sight by the time we reached the five-barred gate by the old hovel, yet Jacob pointed out which way each had gone. Tom had taken the narrow path to the right; but Betty had turned off in the opposite direction; while Ralph, with long strides, had gone right across the field, with Turk at his heels.

You will not ask how it was that Jacob knew all this, you will guess at once that he found it out by the tracks they left in the snow. There was the mark of the broad foot of Ralph, while Tom's track was a trifle smaller. Betty's overshoes left a mark behind them that could not be mistaken. No wonder, then, that Jacob could tell which way they went. Even Turk might be tracked as easily as the rest, for the print of his small feet told very plainly that he had trotted along, first on one side of his master and then on the other.

As old Jacob and I walked forward, he observed to me that everyone leaves a track behind him, not only when passing through the snow, but when journeying through life. Full of this thought, he went on talking.

'Yes,' said he, 'these tracks that Ralph Collins, Betty Baxter, and Tom Sloane have left behind them, perhaps, will only last a few hours, or at most, but a day or so; whereas the tracks they leave by their actions will, I doubt not, be plain enough for many a long year to come. Ralph and Betty, too, are decent people; and I hear that Tom is as trusty a lad as ever walked. If they have God's grace, they will do well, and leave a track behind them that none will have need to be ashamed of.'

'True,' I remarked, interested in the old man's sensible talk. 'I suppose you have marked the footprints of many a one hereabouts.'

'Indeed I have,' he replied, noting my look of inquiry. 'When I first came to this village—and it is now more than forty winters ago—old Crowder lived in one of the cottages by the bank of the river. What a track did he leave behind him! Everybody knew him to be dishonest, and everyone had too much reason to believe that he was a thief. The Sabbath and the week-day were alike to him; for he seemed neither to fear God nor to regard man. Ugly things have been said of him, and among them that his hand was not guiltless of blood; but He only knows who can see in the black night as well as the bright day whether there be any truth in the report. He was at last sent away to be imprisoned for a burglary, and afterward we heard that he had died.'

'And did any impression of old Crowder remain after he had left the village?'

'Oh, yes! He left a track behind him, and a black one too; for his children, and his children's children are walking in his evil ways. He brought them up to love idleness, and folly, and sin; and right up to the present, disgrace and punishment and remorse have clung to them. Such are the ways of the wicked, and "so are the paths of all who forget God."'

'It is a painful story,' I commented, as he paused. 'But what of the sure footprints? Some you must have noted which led aright?'

'Yes, thank God,' replied Jacob. 'Andrew Forbes, for instance, was a different man from old Crowder, and a very different track did he leave behind, too. To be sure, he had been brought up better, and that is a gerat matter. Andrew was a bible-reader and a Sabbath-keeper, a man of prayer, and of a tender conscience. He might appear simple, but he was made wise unto salvation through faith in Jesus Christ. Who was it who allowed the Widow Slater a dollar a week in her old age till she wanted it no longer, being called from earth to heaven? Who was it took poor Ben Jones into his cottage when he came back from the sea almost as thin as a herring and as ragged as a beggar? Who was it taught his neighbors' children at the Sunday-school? Everybody who knows anything about the matter knows it was Andrew Forbes. He left a track behind him in his words and in his deeds, for he lived respected, and he died lamented, rejoicing in the hope set before him in the gospel of Christ. Yes! "the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

'And do Andrew's children tread in the good man's footsteps?' I inquired with interest.

'They do,' replied Jacob, heartily. 'Andrew's daughter married, and lives creditably in a neighboring village, while his son dwells in the white cottage still, with an industrious and pious helpmate, bringing up their children as godly people ought to do. Let any stranger come into the village on a Sabbath day and look at the wretched grandchildren of old Crowder, and then let him step into the neat cot of William Forbes, and he will see whether it is not a truth that old Crowder and Andrew Forbes have left a track behind them. "The Lord knoweth the way of the righteous, but the way of the ungodly shall perish."'

'Well, Jacob,' I said, struck with the importance of the simple truth he had been dwelling on. 'I must say that never before have the snow-tracks been so full of good and profitable lessons to me.'

'Yes, yes: nothing can be plainer,' he returned with earnestness. 'We are all leaving a track behind us, whether we are old or young, whether we are rich or poor; and well for us will it be if we are saying in our hearts. "Teach us, O Lord, to walk in thy ways, and in the paths of thy commandments."'

As old Jacob Sanders finished the last sentence, he came to the high gate that leads to the turnpike where we were to part. Turning to me, as he knocked the snow from his boots, on the post of the gate, he said in an impressive voice:

'Mind what track you leave behind you,' and then silently and thoughtfully pursued his walk.—'Everybody's Magazine.'

John's Two Books.

(By Rev. John Franklin Cowan, D.D.)

My friend John is a good-hearted, sincere young man, though not always as thoughtful and logically consistent as he might be. If he were a better in-seer he would be more sincere. He means well, but sometimes the meanest thing of which a man can be guilty is to mean well and not feel bound to try and do as well—provided he is not too stupid or blind to discover the inconsistency of it. That is what I mean by "in-seeing.'

John is not stupid, but he is blind to the fitness of some things. Just to show you—and John—how the thing looks, to a man up a tree, I came into possession—I won't say how—of two books of his. They were both kept in his own handwriting, and perhaps the entries in them alternated. I can't see, for the life of me, though, how John could ever leave off writing in one and begin writing in the other, without noting in his mind the incongruity of the two sorts of entries; and yet he kept up this sort of double entry day after day and month after month without ever trying to strike a balance. I have no doubt some other as good young men are doing the same thing. I present here a balance-sheet which has been audited by the court of common sense.

The first of the two books was a diary in which he writes down every night all he has done, or tried to do, each day, and what he fondly dreams of doing the next day—the latter usually the bulkiest part of the entry. For instance read for July 3, 1896.

'It is Friday night; and I drew my week's salary, because to-morrow will be a holiday. Ten dollars isn't bad for a young man of my age, and yet I could manage advantageously to lay out more if I had it. Think I will get a rise soon. My employer told me only the day before yesterday that I stood very high in the office for my intelligence and integrity. God knows I want to be an honest man, honest in thought and deed. I mean to be more so in the future. I read a story to-day of one of the old Romans who lived in a glass house so that the public might gaze upon his conduct at any time. How I should like to make my life so transparently good that I would not fear the scrutiny of any eye upon my actions!'

'Good for our friend John!' you say. I

say nothing at this point. But since John invites it, we will turn our eyes upon that other book. It is John's little vest-pocket cash-book. Under the date of July 4, 1896, we read as follows:—

To horse and buggy	$3.00
" ice-cream	50
" lemonade	20
" boat-ride	50
" torpedoes	25
" sky-rockets and Roman candles	1.00
" tickets for entertainment	1.00
" lunch	1.50
Present for Sue	3.00

You will observe that the total expenditures for 'glorifying' on the Fourth were $10.95. The entries were made in John's bold office hand, as though to intimate, 'I had a good time and I don't care who knows it.' Now the following day was Sunday, and we find this modest, retiring entry, shrinking back from observation.

July 5, 1896.

To S. S. Col.	.01
" Ch. Col	.01
" Miss. Col.	.05
" street-car fare	.10

Who is this 'S. S. Col.' who thus hides his identity behind two mysterious initials and an abbreviation? Collins, maybe. Nobody to be compared with the Fourth of July, to be sure. And who may be the still more diminutive and disguised 'Ch. Col.'? If it is Charles Collins he has a fashion different from all the Collinses I know. And what sort of personages are he and his beggarly relative, 'S. S. Col.' that they do business on so petty a scale as a one-cent transaction, when the least item on the Fourth of July account is lemonade, 20 cents'? The 'Cols.' are something, evidently, that to our John are utterly insignificant, even compared with two glasses of acid beverage with straws stuck in them, Copper is good enough for them, no doubt.

To be sure the next one of this pauper family, 'Miss. Col.,' scales up to the nickle valuation. 'Miss Col., 5 cents'; that's equal to half a glass of lemonade, anyway. But who is this 'Miss. Col.'? No one Sue need be jealous of for a second. Just look at it! 'Miss Col. 5 cents'; 'Present for Sue, $3.00.' Pshaw! speak up and tell us who she is, John; you don't say that—John, John!'

Honest John! You don't mean to tell me that those abbreviations stand for the Sunday-school, church and missionary collections on the Sabbath day? You needn't answer. Your drooping head and blushing face tell the story. No wonder you were so chary of your letters in spelling them out. Don't you think, John, that God knows all the abbreviations in the spelling-book, and in yours besides? No; you didn't think at all. That's the trouble.

'Street-car fare' is plain enough; but you didn't bring your office familiarity with percentage to bear there, did you, John? Let's figure on it—it took exactly 142 6-7 percent of that little bit of glorifying your Maker with your substance to pay the freight on it, don't you see? And though the Saturday's glorification rode in a livery rig instead of a street-car, and the freight cost thirty times as much, yet the outlay was over twice the distributing expense.

Now, the point to which I call attention is this. How did that expense account chime in with John's little effusion in his diary on Friday night about wanting to be so transparently honest? A man doesn't need to be as transparent as a watch-crystal for God to look into his soul and see that the world is getting the best end of the bargain with him, when it comes to seven cents against ten dollars and ninety-five cents. If that week is a fair sample of John's financiering — and I have gone all the way through the book, and am prepared to give further testimony if called for,—instead of a tenth, the Lord didn't get more than a paltry hundredth part of his weekly income. And yet, I want you to turn over another page in the first book, and read what took place after the last collection had been taken up:—

'I stood up with the congregation and joined in the tenor of "Bring forth the royal diadem and crown him Lord of all."'

I wonder what sort of a 'royal diadem' John thought could be made of two copper cents and one nickle, anyway. He didn't think, I tell you, That's John's trouble.

I wouldn't for the world question John's truthfulness, or his sincerity; but I would simply like to get the boy to put these two books together and try by a critical course of cross-questioning to make them tell a story consistent enough not to bring a blush of mortification to his own cheek. That's all. All that is necessary to correct John's habit, and bring him to a calculating, consistent system of honoring God with his means, is to set him to thinking and figuring. Tell him that I said there is no true consecration without calculation.—'Golden Rule.'

A Gift and What Came From it.

(W. L. Barth.)

The following pathetic story was recently told by the evangelist, J. P. Kain, in one of his sermons. It is so tender that it is worth preserving, he said:

'Some years ago, while conducting a series of meetings in Michigan City, I was invited to preach to the convicts at the state prison, situated at that point. I sat on the platform with the governor of the prison, and watched the prisoners march in, 706 men, young and old. They marched in lock step, every man's hand on the shoulder of the man before him. At the word of command they sat down and fixed their eyes on a dead line, a white mark painted on the wall above the platform. Among that large number of convicts were seventy-six "lifers," men who had been committed to prison for life for the crime of murder.

'After the singing I arose to preach, but could hardly speak for weeping. Disregarding all the rules of the prison, in my earnestness to help my poor, fallen brethren, I left the platform and walked down the aisle among the men, taking now one, and now another by the hand, and praying with him. Every heart was melted, and we all wept together. At the end of the row of men who were committed for murder, sat a man who more than his fellows seemed marked by sin's blighting hand. His face was seamed and ridged with scars and marks of vice and sin. He looked as though he might be a demon incarnate if once roused to anger. I placed my arm about his shoulder, and together we wept and prayed.

'When the service was over the governor said to me:—

'"Well, Kain, do you know that you have broken the rules of the prison in leaving the platform?"'

'"Yes," I answered; "but, governor, I never could brook any rule while preaching, and I did want to get up close to the poor, despairing fellows, and pray with them."

'"Do you remember," said the governor, "the man at the end of the seat in the lifers' row, whom you prayed with? Would you like to hear his history?"'

'"Yes," I answered, "gladly."

'"Well," said the governor, "here it is in brief: Tom Galson was sent here about eight years ago for the crime of murder. He was without doubt one of the most desperate and vicious characters we have ever received, and as was expected, gave us a great deal of trouble."'

'"One Christmas eve, about six years ago, duty compelled me to spend the night at the prison instead of at home, as I had anticipated. Early in the morning, while it was quite dark, I left the prison for my home, my pockets bulging with presents for my little girl. It was a bitter cold morning, and I buttoned my overcoat tight up to protect myself from the cutting wind that swept in from the lake.

'"As I hurried along I thought I saw somebody skulking in the shadow of the prison wall. I stopped and looked a little more closely, and then saw a little girl, wretchedly clothed in a thin dress, her stockingless feet thrust into a pair of shoes much the worse for wear. In her hand she held, tightly clasped, a small paper bundle. Wondering who she was, and why she was out so early in the morning, and yet too weary to be much interested, I hurried on. By and by I felt rather than heard that I was being followed. I stopped short and whirled about, and there before me stood the same wretched child.

'"'What do you want?' I asked sharply.

'"'Are you the governor of the prison?"

'"'Yes,' I answered, 'what do you want?

'"'Have you — does Tom Galson live there?' Her voice trembled and broke with repressed tears.

'"'Yes. Who are you? Why are you not at home?"

'"'Please, sir, I haven't any home. Mamma died in the poor-house two weeks ago, an' she told me just before she died that papa, that's Tom Galson, was in the prison, an' she thought that maybe he would like to see his little girl, now that mamma's dead. Please can't you let me see my papa? To-day's Christmas, an' I want to give him a little present.'

'"'No,' I replied, gruffly, 'you'll have to wait until visitors' day,' and with that I started on.

'"I had not gone many steps until I felt a hand pulling at my coat, while a pleading, sobbing voice cried, 'Please don't go!'

'"I stopped once more, and looked down into the pinched, beseeching face before me. Great tears were brimming in her eyes, while her little chin quivered and trembled.

'"'Mister,' she said, 'if your little girl was me, an' your girl's mamma had died in the poor-house, an' her papa was in the prison, an' she had no place to go an' no one to love her, don't you think she would like to see her papa? If it was Christmas, an' if your little girl came to me, if I was governor of the prison, an' asked me to please let her see her papa an' give him a Christmas present, don't—don't you think I would say "Yes?"'

'"By this time a great lump was in my throat, and my eyes were swimming in tears. I answered: 'Yes, my little girl, I think you would, and you, too, shall see your papa,' and taking her by the hand I hurried back to the prison, thinking of my own little fair-haired girl at home.

'"Once in my office I bade her come close to the warm stove, while I sent a guard to bring No. 37 from his cell. In a few moments he came, wondering what was wanted. As soon as he was ushered into the office he saw the little girl. His face clouded with an angry frown, and in a gruff, savage tone he snapped out:

'"'Nellie, what are you doing here? What do you want? Go back to your mother.'

'"'Please, papa,' sobbed the little girl 'mamma's dead. She died two weeks ago in the poor-house, an' before she died she told

me to take care of little Jimmie, 'cause you loved Jimmie, she said, an' she told me to tell you she loved you too; but papa,' and here her voice broke in tears, 'Jimmie died, too, last week, an' now I am all alone, papa, an' to-day's Christmas, papa, an'—an' I thought maybe as you loved Jimmie, you would like a little Christmas present from him.'

'"Here she unrolled the little bundle she held in her hand, until she came to a little package of tissue paper, from which she took out a little yellow curl and put it in her father's hand, saying as she did so, 'I cut it from Jimmie's head, papa, jess afore they buried him.'

'"No. 37 by this time was sobbing like a child, and so was I. Stooping down 37 picked up the little girl and pressed her convulsively to his breast, while his great frame shook with suppressed emotion.

'"The scene was too sacred for me to look upon, so I softly opened the door and left father and daughter alone. At the end of an hour I returned. No. 37 sat near the stove, with his little daughter on his knee. He looked at me sheepishly for a moment, and then said, 'Governor, I haven't any money,' then suddenly stripping off his prison jacket, he said, 'For God's sake don't let my little girl go out this bitter day with that thin dress. Let me give her this coat. I'll work early and late, I'll do anything, I'll be a man; please, governor, let me cover her with this coat.' Tears were streaming down the face of the hardened man.

'"'No, Galson,' I said, 'keep your coat. Your little girl shall not suffer. I'll take her to my home and see what wife can do for her.'

'"'God bless you, sir,' sobbed Galson.

'"I took the little girl to my home. She remained with us for a number of years, growing into a beautiful Christian character. Tom Galson also became a Christian, and never gave us a moment's trouble."

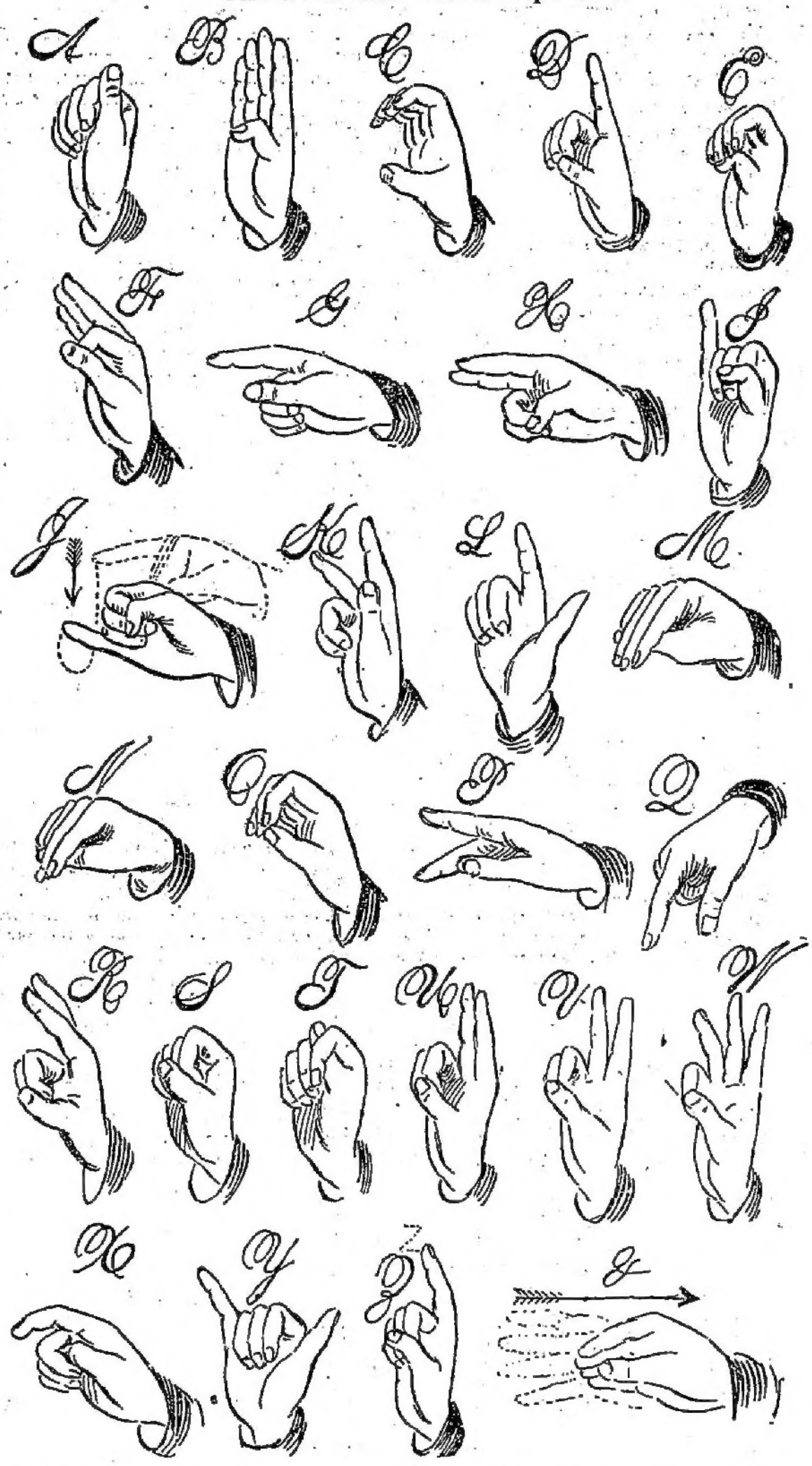
'A year ago,' concluded Dr. Kain, 'I visited the prison again. The governor said to me:

'"Kain, would you like to see Tom Galson, whose story I told you a few years ago?"

'"Yes, I would," answered the doctor.

"The governor took me through the city, down a quiet street, and stopping before a modest, neat home, rapped at the door. The knock was answered by a bright, cheerful young woman who greeted the governor with the utmost cordiality. We stepped in and then the governor introduced me to Nellie and her father, who because of his thorough reformation, had received pardon, and was now living an upright Christian life with his daughter, whose little Christmas gift had broken his heart.'—'Michigan Christian Advocate.'

The Deaf and Dumb Alphabet.



Who Can Measure it?

In the northern part of this State in a neighborhood of Quakers, lived a little cripple girl. Her family were poor and illiterate. She herself, shut into a life of suffering could not even read. But she came to know our Jesus, to know him intimately, and a life can never be poor which knows him.

Somehow the missionary thought crept into that child's mind. She had an unutterable desire that all might know her Christ, and so she declared herself a missionary; a volunteer missionary she was, before the days of this great movement. Think of it! A crippled, ignorant child, unable to walk declaring that God had called her to missionary service, and declaring that she knew he wanted her, because when she talked with him about it he made her so happy. Perhaps you smile at the absurdity of this child's plan. There were many who did. But succeeding history showed that to our Master this little, pitiful offering of a poor little life was a precious gift, a supremely precious gift.

There came to this neighborhood a family of bright young women, who, visiting this afflicted child, at first as an act of mercy, came under the influence of the missionary inspiration.

They began reading missionary literature that they might amuse their cripple girl, and one day, when the tired eyes of the little sufferer closed to earth's surroundings and plans, and opened in the presence of the King to see him in his beauty, and to know that her offering had been accepted and blest, then it was that these young women, bright, beautiful, and gifted, pledged eternal allegiance to the Master's great commission.

The years have come and gone since that day, and wherever these women have been placed, missionary inspiration has been at flood tide. Young women have given their lives, gifts of money and talents have been offered, in one case a gift of an entire fortune consecrated to the master, whose evangel the cripple had been, and from whose offering this train of priceless blessing had flowed.

Who can measure it? Is there, can there be, such a thing as small service for the Lord? No, no, not if he accepts and blesses it.—'Central Christian Advocate.'

If you cannot pray over a thing and cannot ask God to bless you in it, don't do that thing. A secret that you would keep from God is a secret that you should keep from your own heart.—'My Paper.'

LITTLE FOLKS

The Runaway.

'Speak, speak, speak! I tell you,' said James Anton to his dog Fido; but Fido would not speak. 'Speak! speak, or I'll have to whip you,' James continued.

Fido looked knowingly up into James's face, cocked his head a little to one side, half-opening his mouth as if to bark; then shut his teeth close together again.

'Please do speak, Fido; I can't tell a lie, and I'll have to whip you, if you don't.' James's voice trembled, for he dearly loved his dog.

Fido shook his head, and James

'SPEAK, FIDO,' COMMANDED JAMES.

raised his whip, but before he could touch the dog, Fido was running as fast as his legs could carry him to the barn, where he hid, so James could not find him.

James went to his mother, and told her the story, and she said, 'Well, dear, I don't think dogs are so very different from boys. Do you remember last week your teacher wanted you to speak a piece in school, and you came home and told me that you would rather stay away from school than speak it? And what would that have been but running away like Fido?'

'But that was different, mamma; I had to speak before my teacher and the whole school, and the piece had four verses I wanted Fido to give three short barks, and those only before me.'

'Yes, dear; but you are a boy, and he is a dog,' replied Mrs. Anton. 'You know we expect more from boys than dogs.'

'That's so, mamma; I'll try after this not to want to run away from things I don't like to do. I couldn't really run away from speaking the piece, because you would not let me. If it had not been for that, I might have done the same thing as Fido.'

'And if you are patient with Fido, I think he will learn his lesson also,' said mamma. 'Patience tells with dogs, as well as with boys, my son.' —Alice H.Rich, in 'Sunbeam.'

Five Little Indians.

By Margaret M. Given.

Ralli is a little Hindu girl. The first time I saw her, I said to the teacher, 'Why is that boy here? Don't you know that this school is only for girls?'

'Yes, Miss Sahib, I know it; but that isn't a boy, it's a girl,' was the reply.

So little Ralli of course was allowed to keep her place. We wondered very much at her boyish dress, and at last one day I asked the teacher about it. She told me that Ralli's father and mother, unlike most Hindu parents, are very fond of their little daughter, and for this reason dress her like a boy. They have a son, too; but both he and Ralli are dressed exactly alike. Maybe you think that a very funny way to show affection; but they do it so that everybody may understand that they love their little girl as much as if she were a boy.

Ralli is to be found in her place among the other little Hindu girls in that school every day, and we find her a very nice, obedient little child. She is a person of some distinction among the other girls, I suppose because she is the only one of them all who is treated as her brother's equal. The teacher, herself, who is an old Hindu woman, seems to look upon Ralli as rather a superior being; and the little girl, although amiable and obedient, is, I think, quite aware of her own importance.

Not long ago, just after this little Hindu school was begun the Christian teacher who visits it said to me one day, 'Miss Sahib, have you noticed what flat noses those girls have?' I had not thought about their noses, I confessed; but the next day I looked carefully at the little dark faces, and, sure enough, nearly every nose was short and flat. I saw that they were very ugly little noses, indeed. The Christian teacher told me that she thought that when they were babies their mothers let them lie flat on their faces so much that their noses were spoiled. She said, 'You know they don't take much care of the girl babies.'

I don't know whether she is right or not about the noses, but I do know that poor little girl babies generally get very little care and very little love.

I know another Ralli about whom I would like to tell you. She is a little Hindu girl, too; but she goes to one of our schools for Mohammedan children. When we first came to Lodiana we used to teach

this little Ralli's mother in her own house, which is just across the street from the school. Ralli was only about four years old then; but she was an extremely naughty child, and no wonder, for she spent nearly the whole day out in the street, playing with other naughty children, and hearing wicked words and seeing wicked things every day of her life. Such a dirty little girl she was then, too!

We persuaded Ralli's mother at last to let the child go to our school. She was very unwilling to do so at

RALLI.

first; for she was afraid, she said, that she might become a Mohammedan there. We convinced her that there was no danger of that, and so Ralli was sent, and there she has stayed ever since. I don't think that in those days the mother cared much about the child, but she has become very proud of her bright little girl since.

The school is only kept open for half the day, and Ralli used to be in such a hurry to become learned that she would go every afternoon and pound on the teacher's door with her little fist, calling out, 'Let me in, teacher; I want to learn some more. I want another lesson!'

Now she can read quite well, and can recite a number of bible verses quite prettily. She is usually a neat, clean, little girl, too.

Her mother goes to school now for her own lessons, thus saving us a good deal of time and trouble.

Ralli has a little brother, of whom she is very fond, and of whom she takes as much care as if she were an old woman instead of a tiny bit of a girl.

Her father is a very wicked man, who does not stay in Lodiana much of the time; but when he is here he makes his wife and Ralli very unhappy by his bad treatment of them. He has been trying hard to get both the children away from their mother. We hope that he will not succeed in doing it.

Nasiban, the teacher of the school, says, 'It would be like losing one of my eyes to lose Ralli. What should I do without her? The glory of my school would be gone.'

There are two nice little boys in this school. We do not usually let boys come to our schools, but these are only little fellows yet. When they get bigger we will send them to the big mission school where only boys go. These boys are brothers. Their names are Hima and Mano. Hima is a studious little fellow, and so fond of reading that we find it hard to keep him in books. You would wonder how he could enjoy reading if you only saw his books, for the Persian character in which they are printed is very different to the nice plain Roman characters to which you are used.

Mano is a chubby little lisping fellow, who would quite win your heart if he were to smile at you. He can't read much yet, but he likes to pretend that he is a very fluent reader. When we used to go to the school, we usually saw him sitting between Ralli and Chiko, as you may see him in the picture.

Chiko was a very lovable little girl, though not very bright. It was only the other day, though, that Miss Downes said to me, 'You would be surprised to hear Chiko say her bible verses now, she has begun to learn them so nicely.'

She was a little orphan who had been adopted by an aunt, who loved her very much they say. Her name was not really Chiko, but Sakina, Chiko was the pet name by which every one knew her. Her parents were from Kabul, and were Mohammedans. You can see in the picture that her dress is quite different from Ralli's. The Hindus do not dress like Mohammedans, and the Mohammedans from Kabul do not dress like the Mohammedans who are natives of this country.

A week ago last Monday, when we went to the city, we were very much shocked to hear that little Chiko was dead. She had been in school on Thursday and died on Friday night. She was ill for only one day. We miss her very much, for she was a dear little girl. She was about seven years old, and I

RALLI. MANO. CHIKO.

think that Ralli must be seven too. Mano is only five years old.—'Children's Work for Children.'

Making Up Her Face.

A pretty, happy, little maid
Was dressing for her part,—
That of a stern old dowager
With cruel, selfish heart.

She donned a gown of quaintest make,
And o'er her bosom crossed
A kerchief, in such stiffened folds
All gracefulness was lost.

But still the merry, pleasant face
Gazed, smiling, from the glass,
And only seemed to gain in charm,—
So thought this puzzled lass.

'I do not look the part at all!'
She cried perplexedly.
'What must I do to seem so bad?
Ah, yes, it comes to me!'

She screwed her face to sternest gaze,
With lips drawn primly down;
A scornful curve about her nose,
Her brows bent in a frown;

Then quickly seized the pencil fine,
Each new-made line to trace,
Till it was fixed in shadowed curves
Upon her charming face.

But when she saw the dreadful change
She cried, with frightened stare,
'Oh, oh, how hateful I do look!'
But every line was there.

Ah, maiden of the merry heart
And pretty, happy face,
Do you see the lesson taught
By that fine pencil's trace?

So Time, sly artist! paints the thoughts
Your lips would never tell,
Until he mars the fairest face
With lines indelible.

— Mary E. Newberry, 'Wellspring.'

TEMPERANCE

The Primary Catechism on Beer.

(By Julia Colman, National Temperance Society, New York.)

LESSON I.—MALTING.

Q.—What is beer?

A.—A fermented liquor made from malted rains.

Q.—What grain is commonly used?

A.—Barley?

Q.—How is the barley malted?

A.—It is sprouted, and then dried.

Q.—What is the object of malting?

A.—To turn the starch of the grain into sugar.

Q.—Why does the maltster wish to turn the starch into sugar?.

A.—To make alcohol by the decay or fermentation of the sugar.

Q.—How much weight does the grain lose by malting?

A.—About twenty pounds in every hundred.

Q.—How is the food value of grain affected by sprouting?

A.—It is greatly injured, so that it cannot make good bread.

Tobacco and Its Effects.

(Edward Witty, in 'Onward.')

The moral results of tobacco are also serious. It is a selfish habit. Those who use it think only of their own so-called comfort and do not think how offensive this habit may be to others. That it is filthy the user of tobacco will not deny. Statistics of temperance societies show that those who use tobacco break away from their pledge in greater numbers than those not addicted to its use. The use of tobacco often leads to the use of strong drink. Dr. B. W. Richardson, of England, who has done more for scientific temperance than any other man, says: 'I gave up wine, beer, and every other alcoholic drink with infinitely less trouble than smoking. We generally find that when a man smokes he has a desire for alcohol to relieve him of the sinking sensation which the tobacco produces. I speak from personal experience, for I would have been led into the field of total abstinence five years before I was, had it not been for the smoking habit.'

In a recent circular the College of Physicians in France informs us that twenty thousand persons die annually in that country from tobacco poison. As far as natural physique was a guide, the Emperor Frederic William of Germany bade fair to reach the ripe old age attained by his father, but a cancer in the throat caused by excessive smoking brought to an untimely grave one of the noblest monarchs that ever held a sceptre in the Fatherland. General Grant could advise the students of Girard College never to use tobacco in any form, but in spite of the repeated warnings of medical men he could not break himself loose from its shackles, until it caused his death.

The tobacco product of the United States from the census of 1880, is 472,661,159 pounds, taking 638,841 acres to raise it. The amount spent for tobacco in the same country annually is $600,000,000. In the city of Chicago $24,500 are spent for cigars alone in one day. At seven percent, compound interest, if you use one cent's worth of tobacco a day for thirty years, it will cost you $344; at five cents a day it will cost you $1,723; at fifty cents a day it will cost you $17,239.

In this fair Canada of ours $50,000,000 is paid annually for the use of this luxury. We Canadians complain of hard times, and of the enormity of our national debt, but enough money is spent for tobacco alone to pay all our national debt in less than ten years. What misery might be reduced, what suffering alleviated, what charitable institutions endowed, what churches erected, what public improvements made, with the money that is squandered for the gratification of this appetite?

THE LATE HON. MR. JUSTICE GROVE.

A Scientific Judge Gives His Opinion on Drink.

(Late Mr. Justice Grove, author of 'The Correlation of Physical Forces,' and well known as a scientific expert.)

The offence of the prisoner is a very grave one (drunken assault on his father) committed under the influence of what is a very great evil, and which, unless it be checked, will destroy the welfare of this country. There was probably no intention on the part of the prisoner to injure his father, but the law does not recognize intemperance as any excuse for crime.

The prisoner appears to have listened, as many others have done, to what is said about the poor man's glass of beer and other rubbish of that kind.

It has been clearly shown that drink is entirely unnecessary for long voyages, and every kind of hardship has been endured upon cold water, and yet, notwithstanding, the country is still burdened with the incubus of intemperance. . . . .

When he comes out of prison he had better become a teetotaller and drink nothing but water, for the first glass will probably lead to others, and he may ultimately have another attack of delirium tremens, and be charged even with murder.—Gloucester Assizes, 1876.

Fred's Temptation.

A number of students once met together in one of their rooms for an evening, and among them was one who had been very successful in his examination. He was at the head of his class. But that day, for the first time, he had fallen behind. This made him gloomy and sad. All the others were happy and merry. In course of the evening one of his class-mates said to him: 'Come, Fred, drink some of this wine: it 'll make you feel better.' Just then the tempter whispered: 'Take it, and throw off the thought of failure.' Another voice, as from above, said: 'Don't, be brave and face your failure like a man.' He stretched out his hand. He paused. A great struggle was going on in his soul. The question was whether he should obey the voice of God, or whether he should turn a deaf ear to that loving appeal and listen to the voice of the tempter. Then in a moment he withdrew his hand and left the room. It was the turning-point of his life. He followed God's call and became a great and good man, whereas had he rejected he would have gone downward from bad to worse and ended in darkness.—'Everybody's Paper.'

A Brain Poison.

Professor E. L. Youmans says that alcohol is specifically and to all intents and purposes a cerebral poison. It seizes with its disorganizing energy upon the brain, that mysterious part whose steady and undisturbed action holds a man in true and responsible relations with his family, with society, and with God; and it is this fearful fact that gives to government and society their tremendous interest in the question.

LESSON IX.—August 29.

Paul Opposed at Ephesus

Acts xix., 21-34.

Read Acts xviii., 18 to xx., 3. Commit verses 24-26.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'Take heed and beware of covetousness.'—Luke xii., 15.

Home Readings.

M. Acts xix., 1-20. Paul preaching at Ephesus.

T. Acts xix., 21-20. Paul opposed at Ephesus.

W. I. Cor. xvi., 1-24. Paul's many adversaries at Ephesus.

Th. II. Cor. i., 1-24. 'Trouble which came to us in Asia.'

F. I. Tim. vi., 1-21. Love of money 'the root of all evil.'

S. Isa. xliv., 9-20. The makers of idols are vanity.

S. Luke xii., 13-36. 'Take heed, and beware of covetousness.'

Lesson Story.

Paul had been about three years in Ephesus, teaching and preaching daily, and probably making journeys out to the surrounding districts, for we are told that 'all they that dwelt in Asia heard the word of the Lord Jesus, both Jews and Greeks. And God wrought special miracles by the hand of Paul.'

Seeing these miracles, 'certain vagabond Jews, exorcists'—probably sorcerers like Elymas, thought that they would do some of these wonderful works. By using the name of Jesus they expected to obtain the same results as Paul did. There were seven sons of Sceva, one of the chief priests, who attempted to cast out an evil spirit in this way, but the evil spirit cried out—'Jesus I know, and Paul I know, but who are ye?' And the demon-possessed man, leaping upon them, drove them naked and wounded from the house.

This event caused no small stir amongst all those who dwelt in Ephesus, and they began to realize the power of the very name of Jesus Christ. Many believed, and confessing their evil deeds, gave up their wicked practices, and those who had used 'curious' or black arts, brought their books of necromancy, or magic, and burned them publicly. This was a sacrifice of thousands and thousands of dollars' worth of property. That they might be clean and unfettered to serve the Lord.

After these things, Paul made up his mind to go to Jerusalem, by way of Macedonia and Achaia. So he sent Timothy and Erastus, before him, but he stayed on in Ephesus for a while.

Just about this time there arose a great commotion in the city about the Christian religion. Demetrius, a silversmith, whose business was to make shrines for the goddess Diana, feared that if the people became Christians and gave up their idols, his occupation would be gone. So, calling together those of his trade he harangued them on this subject, saying that they would lose their own wealth as well as having their great goddess set at naught, if this Paul were allowed to preach.

This speech touched the Ephesians as nothing else could, and for hours the whole city was in a tumult, crying out loudly 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians.' They caught Gaius and Aristarchus, Paul's companions in travel, and rushed into the theatre. Paul tried to go into the theatre to speak to the people, but his friends and disciples would not allow him to endanger his life in that way.

The mob was confused, and most of them knew not why they were there; some probably thought that the Jews were at the bottom of all the trouble. The Jews put forward Alexander to speak for them, but when the heathen saw that he was a Jew, they cried out again for their own goddess. Finally, the town-clerk came out and pacified the mob. After these things Paul bade farewell to the disciples and departed for Macedonia.

Lesson Hymn.

Jesus calls us from the worship
Of this vain world's golden store;
From each idol that would keep us—
Saying, Christian, love Me more.

Jesus calls us—by Thy mercy,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thy obedience
Serve and love Thee best of all.

Lesson Hints.

Ephesus was the greatest and most influential town of all Asia Minor. Its chief glory was the immense Temple of Diana, one of the seven wonders of the world. This magnificent temple contained a rudely carved wooden image of the goddess Diana, supposed by the Ephesians to have fallen from the sky. Small shrines containing the image were made and sold as charms and household gods.

'Demetrius,' an influential citizen of Ephesus, derived his wealth from this trade, by making silver images and shrines. Doubtless many shrines also were made of copper or wood and most of the city was concerned directly or indirectly in the traffic. The mob, therefore, was particularly inflammable on this point.

The same cry is constantly being raised to-day against those who preach truth, purity and righteousness. 'These men are ruining our business'—cry the rumsellers, 'do we not get our wealth from this trade? and yet, these men who preach Christ are constantly drawing away our customers!'

'Alexander,' supposed to be 'the coppersmith' mentioned in Paul's letter to Timothy. The Jews put him forward as having some influence with the other metal-workers, supposing that they could show the difference between Christians and Jews. But the speech was lost in the uproar, which immediately followed the sight of a Jew.

Search Questions.

Give six verses warning against covetousness.

Primary Lesson.

The lesson to-day is about the Ephesians who worshipped an idol called Diana. They used to have little silver images of this idol, Diana, in their houses and many carried the little images around with them, as charms to protect them from evil.

When Paul preached to the Ephesians he told them about the true God, and how they should not worship idols made by hands, because they could not help them.

This made some people very angry. The men who got a great deal of money by selling these images were furious because the people were being taught to love and serve Jesus. Their religion allowed them to be selfish and mean; they would rather get money for themselves than have the people learn how to be happy and good. The religion of Jesus Christ does not allow us to be selfish. God gave his most precious treasure for us, and nothing could be too precious for us to give him. Jesus came and spent his life for others, and we must follow his example, living for others, not for ourselves. We must ask Jesus to teach us by his Holy Spirit how to be unselfish.

As the Ephesians carried around with them the image of Diana, so we should carry the image of Jesus Christ with us. Not a silver or wooden image, as some people do, but the image, the likeness, the character of the Lord Jesus Christ in our hearts and lives, yes, and even in our faces.

A great many of these Ephesians had given their hearts to Jesus and set out to lead a Christian life, but they found that there was something that kept them from following Jesus, it was the bad books that they had. These books were worth thousands of dollars, but when they found that the books led them away from Jesus they brought them and burned them publicly. They made a big bonfire of the things that kept them from Jesus. Now, there are still a great many bad books in the world and a great many bad papers that lead us away from Jesus if we read them. What should we do with them?

We should shun them as we would a snake or any kind of poison.

A good rule about reading is to never read anything that your mother does not know about and approve. I am sure none of you dear little people would be so mean as to hide the things you do from your mother. Just show her everything you want to read, because some kinds of reading turn our hearts away from Jesus, and put wrong thoughts in our minds which hurt Jesus. You know it hurts Jesus whenever you do anything naughty or even think a naughty thought.

Take the name of Jesus, ever;
As a shield from every snare—
When temptations round you gather
Breathe that holy name in prayer.

SUGGESTED HYMNS.

'All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name,' 'Take the Name of Jesus With You,' 'Jesus Calls us,' 'Oh, God, our Help in Ages,' 'Consecration.'

Practical Points.

(By A. H. Cameron.)
(Acts xvix., 21-34.)

Paul had his work planned beforehand. He displayed wisdom in the choice of his helpers, and sent the right man to the right place. Verses 21, 22, also Acts xv., 38, 40.

Nothing causes so much stir as aggressive Christianity. Verse 23.

Verses 24 to 27 contain the creed of those who control or operate Sunday street cars, Sunday theatres or Sunday newspapers. Compare Col. iii., 5, last clause.

The shortest way to many a man's heart is through his purse. Verse 23.

Paul may now consider the advice he gave to the Philippian jailer before he pointed him to Christ. Verses 30, 31; Acts xvi., 23.

It is unreasonable to dislike any man merely on account of his nationality. But covetousness, like fortune, is blind.

Tiverton, Ont.

Christian Endeavor Topic.

Aug. 29.—The idols we are likely to worship.—Ex. xx., 1-6; Luke xii., 13-21.

Junior Prayer-Meeting Topic.

Aug. 29.—What are some idols we are likely to worship? I. John v., 13-21.

Led by a Little Child.

The Rev. E. Payson Hammond relates the following touching incident of a child's conversion and how it was made the means of bringing a mother to Christ:

'At a recent children's meeting in Washington a young mother was present with her little boy. Dr. Rankin, the minister of the church, approached the two, and addressed himself first to the mother. He then turned to the little lad, and soon found that his heart had been touched with a view of Jesus on the cross "lifted up for him," and very soon the little fellow was weeping for his sins. He prayed with him; the boy, too, prayed for himself, and finally looked to Jesus, and believed on him as the Saviour of little children. It has since been evident that he was truly converted by the Spirit of God. The unconverted mother sat looking upon this with much displeasure. Finally she expressed her belief that the boy was too young to understand such a difficult problem. But said Dr. Rankin to her, "You need not shake your head; this boy knows more than you do on this subject."

'On the way home the boy seemed very much interested in his mother's salvation, and said, "Mamma, what did Dr. Rankin say to you?" She avoided giving him an answer; and he added: "Didn't you give yourself to Jesus who died for us? I did; and oh, it's so easy, mamma! Won't you come to him, too? I know he'll receive you, and we shall be so happy!" The mother's heart was deeply moved. That night after he had retired, he called his mother to his bedside. He arose, knelt down, and prayed to God to forgive him and her. The boy would not rest until his mother promised to go back to the meeting with him the next evening. She went and was glad to have Dr. Rankin talk with her; and now she and another of her children are rejoicing in Jesus.'—'Christian Herald.'

HOUSEHOLD.

A Recipe For Cheerfulness.

By Annie A. Preston, in 'Christian at Work.'

That was a March day, indeed. The wind was blowing with a force that it only exerts in New England when it has the brown dead leaves of autumn to sweep away and the chill moisture of melted snow to dry out of the brown earth so that the sun's rays may penetrate and warm the hearts of all the waiting summer verdure.

'Ugh!' shivered Mrs. Blanchard. 'I don't know how anyone can help being blue. This weather is almost enough to drive one distracted. John says I remind him of the old woman who used to say that if she lived through March she knew she shouldn't freeze to death that winter.'

'Well, happily, the winter is nearly over.'

'Yes, but it is still, cold, and the fire gets the better of me, and it takes so long to kindle it, and John comes in and exclaims because the rooms are so chilly, and he says that is the way I go to work to have so many colds, and I don't know but it is so; but I can't always be thinking to get up and fix the fire. I presume I am naturally of a melancholy disposition, I don't know. I never used to think much about it.'

'You are not quite well, I fancy, and are nervous.'

'No doubt I am somewhat nervous, but I am so constantly depressed. John says that my crying so much is one thing that keeps me sick.'

'Do you have many callers?'

'No, not very many, and when any one comes in, as you have come now, it mortifies me, because the house looks so badly. But I am so blue all the whole time I don't care how things look—unless some one drops in.'

'Don't you care for John's sake?' asked the caller, who was an elderly woman, with a kind, pleasant face and manner.

'I don't know whether he really cares much or not. He never says anything, no matter how badly the house looks, or how irregular the meals are—for the fire always goes out at meal time. It makes him down in the mouth, though, to have me so out of sorts and low spirited.'

'I don't believe much in low spirits,' said the caller. 'But if one is so afflicted, I think there is a cure. I have a recipe at home which I will send you. The children shall bring it to you on their way to school tomorrow morning, and if you follow it out carefully, you will, I am sure, find it a complete remedy. I don't think that the dear Lord wants any of his children to be unhappy.'

'How can they help it when everything goes wrong?'

'Things ought not to go wrong. God expects his children to trust in him and to do their simple duty hour by hour without looking backward with regret or forward with foreboding. There is in the bible abundant comfort for you if you will only look for it.'

'Well, the fact is, I cry so much and my eyes are so weak, I can't read, and there I am, left to my thoughts, which one can't help, you know. I dare say, now, if the truth could be known, you are as sorry for John as you can be this minute, and oh, dear me! I can't blame you!' And the young and pretty wife of a year burst out crying.

The older woman, being at a loss for words in the way of comfort, glanced out of the window, and seeing a team, exclaimed, 'There is my brother Jacob. I shall be glad to get a ride home, the wind has increased to such a gale. You must excuse me for taking such a hurried departure. I shall send the recipe over in the morning. Good-bye.'

'If you send it I presume I shall have nothing in the house to carry it out with.'

'Well, you can do your best, and when you feel able, come over and tell me how the remedy affected you.'

When good Mrs. Niles arrived home she took from her writing-desk a dainty little blank book that had been lying there for a long time. It was a thin little leaflet with a fancy cover and leaves of thick, firm ruled paper. They had happened to be giving them away at one of the large stores one day when she was in New York.

She smiled at her conceit, as she looked over her pencils, black, red, blue, yellow and green. When she was young she had quite a local fame as a teacher of penmanship, and now she proceeded to fulfil her promise to her young neighbor. On the first page of the little book she wrote, 'A recipe for the cure of low spirits, by F. W. Faber,' Then she penciled in different colors and styles on every leaf in turn this sentiment:

'Exactness in little duties is a wonderful source of cheerfulness.'

When the book was full she tied a fresh rose-colored ribbon through the centre with loops to hang it up by, put it in a little box, tied it up neatly, and the next morning sent it by her grandchildren to her neighbor, Mrs. John Blanchard, as she had promised.

She heard nothing in particular from the young woman, and made no immediate inquiries, but two or three times not long afterward she heard by the way of the neighbors:

'John's wife is getting better, they say.'

'John's wife has actually sewed in the sleeve of that grey coat, and put on the missing buttons, too.'

Then, again, she heard, 'John's wife has got the window curtains all rolled up straight and even; it makes the outside of the house look quite respectable again, they have been askew so long.

Next Mrs. Nile's daughter-in-law told her that John and his wife were at church; that she looked as bright as a rose; and that he seemed prouder of her than he did the first Sunday after they were married.

'Her health must be improved,' said the older woman, quietly.

'Oh, that is the mysterious part of it. She told every one that she was quite well, that Mrs. Niles had sent her a remedy that had cured her. Now what was it, please? The children said they carried over a little package for you.'

'I will tell you, dear, whenever I think you are in need of it. I am glad it took such immediate effect. I am quite anxious to see her.'

'Oh, she sent her love, and said that the very first call she made would be upon you, because she felt so grateful to you.'

The very next afternoon young Mrs. Blanchard came in bright and fresh from her walk, daintily and jauntily dressed, and with a cheerful smile on her face.

'I've got to tell you all about it,' said she, 'so I am going to take off my things, for I couldn't go through the whole story during a mere formal call. When I received your package and read the little book all through I was very angry for a few minutes. Then when I thought what you said, that I could do my best with what I had, I was still more vexed; for I really have everything to make my work easy. The house is well furnished, and John is a good provider. By that time I was cold, as usual, and when I got up to mend the fire, and found it all gone, and started to light it again, I felt grateful for the first time for my good supply of dry wood and kindlings.

'"That is what I have to use first in carrying out my recipe," I thought, and the idea amused me, I smiled, and just then, catching a glimpse of my face in the glass, I actually looked again, to make sure it was I. Did you ever hear of anything so ridiculous? Then I wondered if my poor John would know me, if he saw me with a smile on my face, and I resolved to try it and see.

'By this time I was quite interested in this wonderful cure, and determined to do faithfully every little thing I thought of, when I thought of it. The stove was in an untidy condition, and I was glad to have wing and brush right at hand and plenty of polish ready for use. "The floor needs sweeping and I have a nice broom," was the next. While I was putting the room to rights, dusting, and looking after the fire as it needed replenishing, I thought of what you said about the bible, and I took down from the shelf the one my mother gave me for every-day use, and opened it for the first time for weeks, although I profess to be a Christian, as you know. As the leaves fell apart my eyes rested on these words: "In everything give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you."

'I put a paper weight across to keep the bible open, and went about getting dinner. At first I combed my hair and put on a collar and fresh apron, and I found everything ready at hand. I thanked God and my heart grew lighter and lighter. I set the table with a fresh cloth, browned the steak just right, mashed the mealy potatoes and fried onions because John is fond of them, and actually, when the dear fellow came in expecting to find things just as he left them after breakfast, and me huddled up in an armchair crying, with a shawl wrapped around me to keep warm, and found instead everything in order, a good fire, a steaming dinner, and a smiling wife, he couldn't speak for a minute or two, and I didn't wonder; I nearly broke down myself. The teakettle boiled over just then and that saved me, for that was the next duty to attend to. John noticed the open bible and I pointed out the text. "I have not been very thankful lately," I said, "but I have been very thankful all this morning for my pleasant home and for you, John." "I fear I am not much of a subject to be thankful for," said the dear patient fellow, but I would not listen to that kind of talk. I asked him to say grace at table, for we had been neglecting it, and he was glad to do so.'

'Since that we have had devotions regularly, and I have kept busy about my work, and although I have really accomplished a good deal, I have not been much tired, for I have looked to the Lord Jesus for strength hour by hour. We began again on Sunday to go to church and Sunday-school, and we are going to the Endeavor hereafter, and, dear Mrs. Niles, I am as happy as I can be.

'Now,' she went on presently, 'I want to ask how you knew just what I needed, and how you had the courage to prescribe for me. Someone else might have thought of the remedy without prescribing it to me.'

'I was moved by the blessed Spirit,' said Mrs. Niles. 'I firmly believe in his promptings, and I try to obey, even if at first a seemingly unpleasant duty is presented. Surely I ought to be willing to accept any suggestion affecting my duty to God or my fellows. I think Christians are often remiss in speaking in love of personal matters to each other. Our lives, especially those of women, are made up of little things, and not wholly devoid of trials in each individual case, and we should help one another. There is in the holy scriptures something to suit every need of life. If we followed their teachings closer, we should live fuller lives and move joyously along on the plane the loving Father has marked out.'

Baby's Sleep.

Never permit baby to be wakened for any purpose whatever; it gives the little one's nerves a shock which is most injurious. After it is nursed at night, put it back into its crib and if it is well and comfortable it will soon fall asleep. It should never sleep in the bed with an older person. A brass or white enamelled crib should be selected when possible. Place the crib so that the light will not fall on the baby's face. A screen or light canopy should be provided to prevent the danger of contracting a cold from draughts; curtains cut off the supply of fresh air and, except a mosquito netting in summer, should not be used. A child, until two years old, should take a long nap in the morning and afternoon —'N. Y. Observer.'

'Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life. God has appointed us guardians of a fountain the streams of which flow to the ends of eternity. —W. T. Ellis.

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